To ſcreen thy miſtreſs from the ſlighteſt harms;
Would'ſt thou not purchaſe death, and would not [death have charms?

From hence a real paſſion you may prove;
For, never yet was coward known to love.

By theſe preſcriptions judge your inward part,
Put all theſe queſtions cloſely to your heart;
And, if by them your flame you can approve,
Then will I own, that you ſincerely love.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 17 DE 81

George II. – King of Great Britain &c

BEDLAM:

A

POEM

ON HIS

MAJESTY's

Happy ESCAPE from His GERMAN Dominions,

"And the Great WISDOM of his CONDUCT There.

Dulce eſt deſipere — et inſanire.

LONDON:

Printed for J. HUGGONSON, in *Sword* and *Buckler-Court*, over-againſt the *Crown* Tavern on *Ludgate-Hill*, 1741.

(Price Six-pence.)

BEDLAM:

A

POEM

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S

Happy Escape from His GERMAN Dominions,

"And the Great Wish of his CONDUCT There.

Duke of Alfpare —— a Infamie.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Huggonson, in Sweed and Buckle-Court, over-against the Crown Tavern on Ludgate-Hill, 1742.

(Price Six-pence.)

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

THESE Verſes were put into my Hands by one who thought them ſomething of a Curioſity in their kind, and told me that if I would Print them, they might poſſibly afford ſome little Amuſement to the Public; as being written in that wild, odd Style and Manner, which is not common to be met with, either in Poetry or Proſe. He aſſur'd me they were genuine, and that the Author, whom he knows, is really diſorder'd in his Intellect, and has many ſtrange Flights and Rovings of Imagination in all his Diſcourſe, which is often incorrect, unequal and incoherent, and ſometimes full of an Exceſs in the Sublime. *He affects a Poetical Style in almoſt all he ſays, and frequently diverts himſelf with ſcribbling of Verſes; many Copies of which this Gentleman has ſeen; and met with* theſe *the other Day, which were begun to be written upon hearing the Guns fire at the* Tower, *on the Occaſion of his Majeſty's Return. If the Author was not* too *mad, he might perhaps make a tolerable Poet; for, I think it is generally allowed, that* ſome *degree of Madneſs is neceſſary to a Poetical Imagination.*

The

The Reader may be aſſur'd that there has not been an Alteration of the leaſt Word made in the Copy; nothing being done to it but the Pointing, which his Genius thought too trifling to take Notice of. I am told he appears very happy in this lively, intoxicated State of his Underſtanding: If ſo, it is almoſt a pity Dr. Monro *ſhould degrade him into the low Sphere of dull, ſober Thinking, which often deadens the Spirits, palls the Taſte of Gaiety and Pleaſure, and lays a Foundation for Anxiety and Uneaſineſs.*

There is this good Quality in theſe Writers, that their Expreſſions are their Sentiments, and that therefore it can be no Diſparagement to the higheſt Merit to be juſtly extoll'd by them, it being much better to have a deſerved Compliment from an honeſt Madman, than a flattering Knave, who has no other Meaning in what he ſays, than the Promotion of his Intereſt, *which this Author is above thinking of, and is therefore in no Expectation of Poſt or Penſion.*

BEDLAM:

BEDLAM:

A

POEM.

WHAT mean theſe loud Aërial Cracks I hear?
* *Slumps* after *Slumps*, that ſhake my trem'lous Ear?
Zounds! they're the *Tow'r* † Bombardments that diſgorge
Their roaring Thunders for Returning *George*;
Thro' fugient Skies they drive the ſwift-wing'd Sound,
And tell th' important Tale to Regions round.

Ye! who bade *Safety* go, and guard his Way,
All Thanks to you, Immortal Pow'rs! we pay.
With mirthful Hearts, and moſt melodious Voice,
Reviv'd and cheer'd, *Britannia*'s Sons rejoice;

* A ſuppos'd favourite, coin'd Word of the Author's. † A Word not Foreign to his Style.

And ſcarce the Torrent of their Tranſports bear,
Now they've got ſafe their *Royal Maſter* here.
Halloo! who's there? Haſte! quick, you Dog! prepare
Pens, Ink, and Tables, Papers and a Chair:
I'm forming the grand Panegyric Plan,
And *Albion*'s Mighty Monarch is my Man;
And while of *George*, and *George*'s *Deeds* I *ſing*,
I'll ſpread the Feathers of a fearleſs Wing.
Milton and *Dryden* I diſdain to name;
Nor deem it Glory, to out-burn their Flame:
Nor with *Dan. Pope* a Tune I'd deign to try;
For with low *Lyres*, loud Trumpets ſcorn to vie.
I'll mount with Pinions, that ne'er ſoar'd before,
Stronger than thoſe my Brother *Pindar* bore;
When he, the bold Dircæan Swan, did fly
Tow'ring thro' loftieſt Tracts of th' azure Sky.
Hark! how the burning Dog-Star raves, and barks;
Come down, ye bending Skies! and bring me Larks:
I'll have them roaſted on a String by Dozens,
And aſk to Sup—— my loving Friends and Couſins.
But ſtay, raſh Muſe! nor ſtart thou thus aſide:
No more, let devious Fancy's Fires miſguide.
This Day great *Phœbus*, in his Car of Fire,
To's Weſtern Waves Reluctant will retire:

For,

For, hark!----he tells me, he'd fain ſtop his Flight,
And ſhine in Compliment to *George* all Night.
But that by Heav'n's Eternal Lord he's bound
To walk the World with reſtleſs Circuits round.

Since he's thus deſtin'd, let the God be gone;
We'll ſtrive to emulate the flaming *Sun*;
Nay, we'll ſurpaſs th' Ætherial Houſe of *Jove*,
And light more Fires below, than he above.

Help, Goddeſs! help me; one bright Line inſpire;
" Our Fronts of Houſes ſhall be Walls of Fire.
Come! once again, my weary Fancy raiſe;
" The Midnight Gloom ſhall turn to Noon-day Blaze.
While Rockets mount to tell the Stars, *He's come*,
Such Light, great *Paul!* ſhall pour upon thy Dome;
That Counties round with ſtupid Eyes ſhall ſtare,
To ſee thy tow'ring Temple ſhine ſo fair
Thro' the Night-flaming, Elemental Air.

I.

Mad *Phaëton* once, like a Fool,
Requeſted of *Phœbus*, his Sire,
That he but One Journey might Rule,
And ride the red Chariot of Fire.

II.

II.

E're *Phœbus* did grant his Demand,
He warn'd him the Danger to ſhun;
But *Phaëton* ventur'd his Hand,
Tho' too feeble to govern the Sun.

III.

The Reins he let go, ſays old Fame,
For his Horſes his Words would not hear;
And had like to've ſet Earth all on Flame,
But that *Jove* knock'd him down in's Career.

IV.

For to ſave theſe our mortal Abodes,
He was Thunder-ſtruck plung'd in the Stream
Of *Eridanus*, King of the Floods,
Which of *Po* bears, at preſent, the Name.

But why, my Genius! this excurſive Strain?
Let Paths more regular thy Rage reſtrain.
And when great *George* is thy All-glorious Theme,
Know, 'tis not Decent to Digreſs, and Dream.

I.

A *God* to be eſteem'd,
Salmoneus, madly Vain,
With Impious Boldneſs deem'd
That, great as *Jove*, he'd Reign.

II.

While o'er a Bridge of Braſs
His rattling Chariot drove,
And his Lamps wav'd, this *Aſs*
Believ'd, he rival'd *Jove*.

III.

But *Jove* ſoon made him know,
To Mortals 'tis not giv'n
To im'tate here below
The Sounds and Flames of Heav'n.

IV.

Jove's real Bolts arrive,
(As *Grecian* Fables tell)
And, fir'd with Vengeance, drive
The miſcreant Dog to Hell.

Again theſe Rovings! Can *theſe* Flights Concórd
With the bright Praiſes of your *Royal Lord*?
Who, far from e'er aſpiring to be God,
Himſelf ſtill humbles for his Subjects Good: ——
——Nothing more true; but how cou'd Man forbear
Raving a-while, to *Sirius* when ſo near?
For, ſaw you not, how, as we paſs'd him by,
He on me ſtar'd with a tremendous Eye,

Glaring with fiery Fierceneſs? Hence it came
That mad *Salmoneus* was my thoughtleſs Flame.

I'm thinking now that *Pr--ſſ--a*'s Prince I'll ſing,
And bear that recent Monarch on my Wing.
Right: ----'Tis not foreign to brave *George*'s Praiſe,
To tune a-while his *Nephew* in thy Lays.
When he at firſt went forth with all his War,
To mount him in *Sileſia*'s Ducal Car;
He's ſure, I ſaid, in ſome delirious Fit,
With Mad-brain-making *Luna*'s Influence ſmit;
For, in all ſober Reas'ning, what the Devil
Should make him thus to's Siſter Queen uncivil.
'Tis plain, old *Fl---*'s Fancies muſt inſpire
Theſe flaming Deeds, to ſet the World on Fire:
But, Heav'n! we praiſe thee, *George*'s piercing Sight
The Schemes has blaſted of that wicked Wight.
George, from his hidden Depths of Wiſdom, ſaw
'Twas not the Time his fervid Blade to draw;
Therefore, to make the Globe in Peace repoſe,
He ſerv'd no Friend, and diſoblig'd no Foes.
Had he done *either*, Tempeſts had been hurl'd,
And cruel *Mars* had rag'd around the World.
'Tis Frenzy, not true Fire, that dares oppoſe
Th' *o'er-pow'ring* Forces of ſuperior Foes; And

And Fancy, then, as wildly wings her Flight,
As when ſhe led th' illuſtrious *Errant-Knight*,
In the high Fervors of his Blood to kill
A huge, enormous Giant, ——— a Wind-mill.

'Tis *not* ſuch Brav'ry, Armies to engage,
As to repreſs, and ſtill Man's riſing Rage;
To force the headſtrong *Horſe within* to yield,
Is higher Conqueſt, than to heap the Field
With Carcaſſes of Millions of the Slain,
And ſwell with human Blood the Torrent Plain.

What! muſt th' immortal *Monarch* war alone?
Behold his *natal*, dear Dominions gone,
And perhaps, trembling, his *Britannic* Throne.
None ſure, but Ideots Brains, can e'er ſuppoſe
A King, thus madly firing on his Foes:
And, while Perdition's dreadful Mouth gapes wide,
Leaping deſign'dly in, to be deſtroy'd.
To've aided *Madam Hung'ry* with his Arms,
Had op'd a Source to've ſpread more fatal Harms;
While *She* th' *extremeſt* Danger could not ſhun,
And would have, thus, been *totally* undone.

George is an unexhauſted Theme of Praiſe;
His Schemes how wondrous, and how wiſe his Ways!

His